

<sup>1<sup>st</sup></sup> A CONGRATULARY  
POEM,  
ON THE  
Safe Arrival of King William  
TO  
ENGLAND,

In this present Year 1699.

19 Oct. 1699

Come all ye People of our *English* Shore,  
Praise God for that our *King* is now come o're  
Once more unto our Nation, for to sway  
His Golden Scepter, and us Rule each Day,  
In Peace and Love, as we all ought to be,  
Govern'd and Led by his Great Majesty;  
And here our Hopes they do begin to be  
Renewed to us in Felicity,  
Expecting Trading, now he is come to Land  
To Rule and Govern with a wise Command,  
Great Man of God, whom God doth Call and Chuse,  
On Earth his Great Lieutenants place to use,  
We Bless the time, wherein the threefold Crown,  
And Diadem with Peace and great Renown,  
In that so long foretold and stately Chear,  
Thou on thy Brave and Royal Brow didst bear,  
As from that time thy Absence bred us bairn,  
Thy presence now Restores us joys again,  
Thou went'st away to *England's* deep Displeasure,  
But thy Return Brings Mirth beyond all measure:  
Now all true *English* Men, come give the Praise,  
To God above, who to us him did raise,  
Who drove *Rome's* swarming, Plotting Vermine clear,  
Out of our Land, all in a happy Year.  
Just as *Queen Mary's* Crew with one accord,  
With Bloody Minds, they could nought else afford,  
Unto her Subjects, but the Fire and Sword. }  
No less would these have done, had not he came,  
For which we bless Heroick *Nassau's* Name:  
Oh may that God, who does assist all Men,  
Direct me here with my unlearned Pen,  
To speak of him and his most Nobler ways  
Great Monarch, here I'll issue forth his Praise,  
And nought but what was always his just due  
Considering what he did for us go through,  
So let him Rule in Honour and great Fame,  
Who with his Sword, unto our Rescue came;  
Come now ye Nations, all prepare to Ring  
For the Return, of this our Mighty King,  
Who in the Field, his Foes did dread to see,  
Because they took him for their Enemy,

And well they might, for that he Marched through,  
Their Walled Cities, and their Warriors flew.  
But they it was who gave the chiefest cause,  
Who broke at first our *Protestants* good Laws,  
And thou most willingly like *Alexander*  
Come over here, and prov'd a great Commander;  
And certain 'tis, no *Lewis* nor *French* Peer,  
Would venture as thou didst, when you came here  
*England* before, had no such one as thee,  
Who with great freeness, came this Land to free:  
From our great Thraidom, which we were then in  
Till thou with Romish Locust did begin,  
Just as the *Macedonians* Swords and Shields,  
With Terror went clear through the *Persian* Fields, }  
To *Alexander*, then *Darius* yeilds.  
So did the Romish Crew, to you great Princee,  
Who was so willing us to come and free,  
That they dare not once more attempt to come,  
For fear with Shame you make them back return  
To where they were, in their own Native Land;  
Thou makes them know that you do here Command,  
And will, till Death, be our great Prince and King,  
For which our Nation may Exalt and Sing,  
Praises on high for this your safe Return,  
Without which you had caus'd all to Mourn:  
But that's all over, we our Joys obtain,  
Since that in Safety You are come again,  
To be amongst Your loving Subjects here:  
Happy's the Day, when you first did appear,  
To save this Land, whom *France* would fain invade,  
And cut us off from all sort of good Trade;  
But thou appear'd'st here with flaming Sword,  
And to our Enemies thou didst afford  
A civil Usage, though they would betray,  
Thy Kingly Person, and thy Crown away.  
But they were out, thou keeps thy own, and will,  
Thy Law and Promise here on Earth fulfil.  
Now that this Princes Days may not be done,  
Till the great coming, of God's Blessed Son,  
Likewise his Wealth, also his Joy and Peace  
May they all as his Reign and Years increase.